THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1427.

Beautiful Poem.

DARKENED HOURS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

With folded arms and drooping head,
I stood, my heart's lone guest unseen,—
My sou's high purpose hamstrung!—
But life, but life goes marching on!

I pause and linger by the way,
With fearing heart and slumbering purpose,
And still the great immortal bugle
Which I would climb, before me towers.

And still for up to rugged crags,
The past faster mocks mine eyes;
While audacity or its counterfeit was
The fashion flowers of Paradise.

They were a wiser, though I mark
The tall and wise of human lives,
The beauty of that human love
That meekly suffers, trusts, and strives.

My voice is silent, though I see
The captive praising it to me,
And hear the exiled patriot breathe,
Over the wild sea, his real farewell.

The song of joy is on my lip,
While freedom's banners are unfurled,
And freedom's heroine hurts shout,
And triumph leys ring round the world.

No glow of ingenuous feeling comes
To flush my cheek, or light mine eye,
While golden sycamore of the mind
Are kindling all the eastern sky.

Nor when, while down weigh down the rose,
I read aloud the obsolete story,
That bright Knight of our God,
Whose only reply to wrath, the starry Heaven.

Yet was my nature formed to feel
The gladness and the grief of life,
To thrill at freedom's name, and yet
In all her horrors feel her cause.

To tremble with the perfect sense
Of all things lovely or sublime,
The glory of the starry Heaven,
The beauty of the morning time.

God-written thoughts are in my heart,
And deep within my being lie
Untrod truths of immortality,
Which I must speak before I die.

Who shall restore the early faith,
The fresh, strong hope, the boyish zeal?
Ah, when may be the weary wealth
Of this world's gathered experience?

To time, I ween, believe whose theme
No wrong can be, no sorrow new—
My spirit's faint and lonely eye
Turn well not to thy might desire.

A wake is not a dream, I ween,
A soul to labor and aspire,
Touch Thou my morning lips, oh God,
With Thine own lamb's immortal fire!

So with me as with mankind,
Bind up my bruised heart once more,
The grandeur of a lofty hope
Above my lowly being pour.

Give strength unto my spirit's wing,
Give sight unto my spirit's eye,
And let the sunshine of Thy smile,
Upon my wintry pathway lie.

Thus, when my soul in Thy pure faith,
Hath grown serene, and free, and strong,
The cloud of darkness shall depart,
Thy love make beautiful my song.

Pictures of Life.

THE PENALTIES OF GUILT:

OR,

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER III.

When Madeline recovered from the first bewildered burst of grief, which had followed her reception of Frank Wentworth's note, she sat down to reply to it, with the bitterest feeling of bitterness and joy. "There is then, thought she, no one in the world who cares for my love as I have proved for theirs, who feels for my sorrow without sorrowing my self. Child of my early youth, it is to you I am to owe the reconcilation of my age!" She would have given everything in the world to have had the sympathy of a human being, and to that being she would have flown to impart the triumphant news that her love had been, in the end, true. Frank, had written her those lines of memorial, and passionate affection, and they carried with them a charm which no other could have exercised, the pressure of feeling was strong. Her pretty Gertrude's light hair and bright eyes glanced in two drawing-rooms in her humble, before she was ready to write; but her heart had grown to become associate of her presence, she would replied slightly in the affirmative to a question as to whether Frederick had been sorry to part with her for their usual hour; and adding, "I have many letters to write," lent her head again over the table.

"Mamma is looking very well to-day, Fred," said Gertrude, as they bent their way through the streets; "she must have been very beautiful when she was young." Alas! it was the lack of hope, the failure of the heart, and strengthener of the frame, which caused Madeline's cheek to be already faded, and her gloss tresses to be mingled with grey; and it was the flash of hope which brought light to her eye and a smile to her lip, as she looked up and answered her daughter's question, while Frank Wentworth's care lay beneath her pencil.

With a beating heart and a burning pen Madeline traced the following lines:

"Now and always, my beloved boy, come to me at the same hours, come there till first I return. Come, for my sake, my child. Come, for my heart is fainting within me lest I perish you it—and my breath comes short and quick lest I remember last night. Come quickly—come as soon as you get this.

"YOUR MOTHER."

And when she had sealed and sent the note, she read again for note, every syllable of which was already graven on her heart, and as her tender spirit rose on each word, it seemed as though there were a peculiar and unaccountable grace in all, even the most familiar of the terms to be done." The tone in which the words were said in the moment of parting, the manner in which another might have done. Frank Wentworth—oh, how many times had Madeline read over on the unconscious paper where his hand had trusted that word, and wondered some! She was still gazing on the note, when a light, hurried, uneven step was heard on the stone; her breathing became hurried and uneven; her cheeks trembled; the door was flung open, and with a suppressed and convulsive shriek she sprang forward, and fell at the feet of him whose form her stiffening arms had vainly sought in embrace.

"Mother! sweet mother!" How musical was the voice which fell on her ear; how radiant the eyes which gazed anxiously into hers as she woke from that swoon to the consciousness that her son, her long-lost beloved boy, was near her, was supporting her, was blessing her with his lips and from his heart! "I called on a, mother; I thought you would not wish it; I could not have borne that any one should have aided you besides myself: by your head knelt again on my shoulder till you are well."

"I am well, my boy," murmured Madeline, faintly; but her head sank again to its resting place.

There was a pause; the thoughts of each seemed through past years. "Oh! mother!" exclaimed Frank Wentworth, suddenly, "how long ago—and yet, how like yesterday it seems—that first dark lonely day after I lost you!"

With the sobbing grief of a little child, he rose and flung himself into her arms as he spoke, and Madeline pressed his head to her bosom, even as she had often done to still his sobs in those by-gone years, and repeated mechanically the same words she had then sent then to use, in the same soothing tone, "Hush, Frank, hush, you will only hurt" with a bewildered and dreaming consciousness in which all was forgotten and confused, except that she was his mother, that he was her child. And the tones and the words that had sounded Frank's infantine sorrows sank in his heart. He looked up, and they both laughed hysterically at their forgetfulness of the lapse of years; and then they wept: and then there was sorrow mingled with their laughter, and joy struggling with their tears.

For some time after this first meeting, Frank Wentworth continued to visit his mother daily, at those hours when, as she herself had expressed it, she was sure to be alone; when Gertrude and Frederick were at walked upon, then, and the old barrister was talking politics in Whitte's bay-window. Madeline's shrinking and timid disposition—and she was not made her instinctively dread breaking the seclusion of her new society, and new and then, in her happier moments, when he was with her, and all the charm of him was his beauty, gentle gaiety, would round her mother's heart, she would picture to herself long happy evenings with all three of her children in friendly intercourse, and perhaps the devotion of not only daughter, but also of the love of their own negligent or rebellious conduct towards her.

Still she would never have had courage to propose a meeting, had it not been that Frank Wentworth himself, one day talked of her as if a natural step. They had been speaking of the future, and he had, in some fond hope half unexplained in the depths of her heart, told her that he would not be welcomed by the haughty Frederick at the old Hall for Gertrude as she had welcomed him.

Nevertheless the thirst of affection made her create for more of his society, and now and then, in her happier moments, when he was with her, and all the charm of him was his beauty, gentle gaiety, would round her mother's heart, she would picture to herself long happy evenings with all three of her children in friendly intercourse, and perhaps the devotion of not only daughter, but also of the love of their own negligent or rebellious conduct towards her.

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Miscellaneous.

EVERYTHING IS CONVERTIBLE TO SOME USE.

At the close of the opening of the trade with China, we imagined ourselves a good deal out of the world, but we have received a letter from an captain, who it will serve to one of the owners of the house of the Pacific Ocean, which will probably shown, rightly reasoned out, every inconvenience under which the proprietors of the China trade seem to labor. "Oh, yes," said the letter, "when we get into the interior of that vast country, we shall find a multitude of articles, both of ancient and fashionable manufacture, which hitherto have unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise and skill, will convert to their own use, and employ for most beneficial purposes." Dear sir," continued the captain, "I have in mind, something, which, on the English coast, will not turn to much account, and get it bring by. I consider when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and secret court in the city, whence, times in the much or less, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the course of the day, and bore it out from the bowels of the court. This he did every morning, and, indeed, he must have been a most industrious fellow, for I never observed that there was no rubbish to be swept away. Now, sir, I have in my mind's eye a certain quantity of dirt, which I am desirous to have conveyed from the interior of the country, we shall find a multitude of active, but unemployed, individuals here unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise and skill, will convert to their own use, and employ for most beneficial purposes." Dear sir," continued the captain, "I have in mind, something, which, on the English coast, will not turn to much account, and get it bring by. I consider when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and secret court in the city, whence, times in the much or less, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the course of the day, and bore it out from the bowels of the court. This he did every morning, and, indeed, he must have been a most industrious fellow, for I never observed that there was no rubbish to be swept away. Now, sir, I have in my mind's eye a certain quantity of dirt, which I am desirous to have conveyed from the interior of the country, we should find a multitude of active, but unemployed individuals here unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise and skill, will convert to their own use, and employ for most beneficial purposes." Dear sir," continued the captain, "I have in mind, something, which, on the English coast, will not turn to much account, and get it bring by. I consider when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and secret court in the city, whence, times in the much or less, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the course of the day, and bore it out from the bowels of the court. This he did every morning, and, indeed, he must have been a most industrious fellow, for I never observed that there was no rubbish to be swept away. Now, sir, I have in my mind's eye a certain quantity of dirt, which I am desirous to have conveyed from the interior of the country, we shall find a multitude of active, but unemployed individuals here unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise and skill, will convert to their own use, and employ for most beneficial purposes."

A LADY FREEMASON.

The Duchess Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mystery of Freemasonry. Her she obtained this honor will probably be told before our readers. Lord Donoughmore, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, had a lodge of Freemasons assembled at his house at Donoughmore. In one of the rooms he had a door made, which opened into the lodge room. Miss St. Leger, then a very young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the lodge room, and, by accident, opened this door. This room at the time was occupied by the brethren, who were preparing for the initiation of a candidate. Miss St. Leger, finding herself unobserved, remained in her post. The candidate was introduced the window of the room, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so carefully concealed from the public view, she had the boldness to peep through from the wall with the window of the room, and to observe through the key hole every step. Curiosity satisfied, time at most took possession of her mind. There was no motive even to escape except through the very room where the unfolding part of the second degree was still being performed, and that being at the door, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly man with his long sword unsheathed. A single glance was sufficient to convince her that she had intruded into the mysteries of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger was in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage, her death was resolved on; but from the moving supplication of her younger brother, her life was saved, on condition of her being initiated into the whole of the ceremonies going through the whole of the solemn ceremonies. This she consented to, and accordingly was initiated. The next morning Miss St. Leger and her brother found their young lady through these trials which are sometimes more than enough for mature years, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards become its head, as the Duchess of Kingston.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our kind friends, the Postmasters, will assist themselves and get up large clubs for the succeeding Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of the liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person in their neighborhood. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers for the present year, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to discover its superiority and cheapness. It is the best paper for the money, and, that the postage *is just the same on it as on other papers*, is the natural and power of the small rogue.—

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons remitting letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would oblige us by stating in their letter, what to one address when they can do so conveniently.

AN IMPOSTOR.

We have received three receipts for subscriptions to the Post, from Saratoga county, N. Y., purporting to be signed by one Joseph Whitney, as agent and collector for Isaiah White. The receipts are altered from receipts of regular agents of the Saturday Post. Upon sending one of them to Mr. White, he says that he has never given such receipts, and that no subscriptions are due to him. We think that this fellow has used Mr. White's signature, he has committed an offence which renders him liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary.

We are informed by a friend that Mr. White, like all our other agents, has a *written authority from us*, and is always pleased to show it. One who has not such authority, is not only void of authority to take either single or club subscribers but is liable to be punished.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.

We perceive by a letter from Mr. Enoch Wilson, Sherbrook, Reed county, Va., that some impostor has been there, and has received money for subscriptions to the Post, and has absconded. Mr. Wilson is a very respectable man, and we have no doubt he has never given such receipts, and that no subscriptions are due to him. We have not the name of the impostor, but we think that he will be found out, and punished.

FOURIERISM.

Our readers will remember that a few weeks back, we took occasion to lay before them some remarks related to the doctrines of the Associationists in Pennsylvania. We now propose to devote ourselves to the Associationists of this state, it became necessary to state what the views of Fourier are. Many of his followers among them really were. We also drew a comparison, between the doctrines of the Associationists of Fourier, and that of our Saviour. The former contemplate, as we asserted, that man is created for the purpose of living in a state of luxury and beauty to excess or sin; while the blessed founder of our holy religion contemplated that the highest is the rest of corruption in the heart.

We have received a letter from a correspondent, who showed how logically Fourier contended that the evil in the world was not the fault of society—but that society was the fault of the individual—and expressing of the passions of man by society—and that the passions of man by society—and that the passions of man by society—and that

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

THE ENGLISH MARKETS.

Cotton keeps steady, and prices have stiffened—in some instances, there is a slight advance on American descriptions. The committee of cotton brokers have declared the following quotations for fair cotton, viz.: Bowed 3¾; Mobile 3¾; Orleans 4¼ per lb.

Market for cured provisions has been firm since previous notice. Pork has been freely taken, and bacon has advanced 2s.a3s. per cwt. Lard is in fair request. Cheese is in less active demand.

The imports of foreign grain and grain produce, into Liverpool, London and other leading ports in the United Kingdom, are increasing, and this combined with a pretty fair quantity of home growth, keeps the markets on the whole well supplied in the absence of speculation.

Trade exhibits a want of animation. Buyers only purchase to supply immediate wants. On Tuesday the Liverpool Market was rather dull, and in some instances prices of English receded 1d. per 70 lbs. The following rates were paid for American descriptions:

Canadian free red, 7s. 6d.a7s. 8d. per bushel; white, 7s. 10d.a8s. 2d. United States red, 7s. 10d. a8s. 1d.; white, 8s. 2d.a8s. 8d. Both U. States and Canadian flour had a dull sale, but prices were maintained, the former being quoted at 30s.a 31s., and Canadian sweet at 28s. 6d.a27s. 6d. per barrel. Proceedings in the London market on Wednesday and yesterday (day of steamer's sailing) were very quiet, and without any feature calling for comment.

The money market is easy. In the British stock market there is steadiness in prices, although there has been some fluctuation; prices tend upwards.

THE CHOLERA.

In the last week of which we have accounts, the number of deaths in London and its vicinity were 65—the number of fresh cases reported daily, varied between 10 and 20. This, in so vast a population as that of London, is nothing alarming. Returns from various parts of the country, exhibit a very inconsiderable number of attacks, as compared with the population. In Scotland the disease is the most violent. 468 cases had occurred in Edinburgh up to the 8th ult., of which 243 proved fatal, 54 recovered, whilst 171 were under treatment, or the result not stated. On the 8th ult., only 27 new cases were reported, whilst there were 49 on the 7th. At present the great manufacturing town and districts have escaped the scourge. The malady, however, has appeared on the northern coast of France, at Dunkirk.

On the Continent, at Hamburgh only 16 cases had occurred since the first of the month, making the total number of cases 3,302, of which 1,671 have been fatal.

A letter dated Dantzic, the 3d ult., states that the cholera is raging in that city with intense violence. There were no fewer than 62 new cases in one day. 388 individuals had already been attacked, of whom 185 died, 34 had recovered, and 179 were under cure.

In the small town of Gartz, in the district of Stettin, the cholera had carried off 102 persons out of a population of 700.

THE GOLD FEVER.

This fever still prevails in California. The crews of vessels arriving there desert, and coasters have to give $100 per month for men. The captain of the Izaak Walton, writing to the owners in New York, says: "A sailor will be up at the mines for two months, work on his own account, and come down with from two to three thousand dollars, and those that go in parties do much better."

THE FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER DIVORCE CASE.

We take the following account of the proceedings in this case, from the Ledger, of Tuesday:

The case of Pierce Butler vs. Francis Ann Butler, a libel, for divorce from the bonds of matrimony, came up yesterday, before the Court of Common Pleas, Judges King, Campbell and Kelley, being upon the bench. The libel was filed by the husband, alleging wilful desertion by the wife from his habitation, which assertion was averred to have been persisted in for more than two years. To this an answer, covering many pages of paper, has been put in by the respondent. She denies having wilfully deserted the habitation of her husband, but she avers to his treatment of her, which has been cruel and intended to make life burdensome, and such as to justify her in removing from his house. The answer denies generally the fact of wilful and malicious desertion as charged in the libel, and avers that she was forced to withdraw in consequence of his unlawful and wrongful conduct. It then avers that her absence was with his knowledge and subsequent assent. And, lastly, that his treatment was cruel and rude, and such as to make life burdensome to her, and which justified her removing from his house. The answer [illegible]

[illegible] thing by acceding to the suggestion of the Court on the subject.

The Court said that the counsel must be governed by their own judgment as to the propriety of the course, and after some conversation it was agreed that the case should go on upon the pleadings as they stood.

Mr. Cadwalader then commenced the argument upon exceptions and demurrer. His remarks were discursive, and in consequence of his laying down no general propositions, it was impossible to gain a succinct idea of the grounds taken by the libellant. He appeared to be endeavoring to show that in Pennsylvania the law in regard to divorce is regulated by the ecclesiastical law of England, and that our forms of proceeding are assimilated and governed by the civil and canon law. The canon law does not require the intervention of a jury in divorce cases, the facts being spread out upon libel and answer. Mr. C. cited many authorities to show that an issue was not necessary. He next took up the question of cohabitation, and cited authorities to show that the legal meaning of the word was: living in the same house—under the same roof—in the same habitation. This branch of the argument was sustained by copious quotations from the canon and ecclesiastical law and other writers, many of the authors being in Latin. These were also brought to illustrate the position that there can be no forfeiture of the conjugal rights unless the acts complained of were brought within the meaning of the ecclesiastical law or the statute of this State. Mr. Cadwalader occupied the morning in enforcing the positions referred to, and at three o'clock the Court adjourned until this morning.

Mr. Butler was in Court, but Mrs. Butler was not. She arrived in the city yesterday, and is staying at the Washington House.

The counsel engaged are Messrs. John Cadwalader and Hon. George M. Dallas for libellant, and Messrs. Benj. Gerhard, Wm. M Meredith and Hon. Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts, for respondent.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY POISONED.—The *Assemblee Nationale* has a letter from London, stating that some days ago the members of the ex-royal family of France, narrowly escaped being poisoned. All of them were simultaneously attacked after dinner with acute pains, and the Ex-Duke de Nemours having drank nothing but a glass of water, the few drops that remained were analyzed, and found to contain a strong dose of very virulent poison, produced by the decomposition of the copper of the conduit-pipes and reservoirs by which Claremont House is supplied. The medical treatment by Dr. Clarke soon neutralized the effects of the poison, and restored the sufferers to health.

A BLACK "BULL."—At the free black settlement in Africa, a police ordinance was lately issued, by which it is forbidden that any one should publicly worship alligators, *thunder*, or other *reptiles*, or they will be subject to a fine not exceeding ten shillings.

Miscellaneous.

CRAPE SHAWLS.

There are many who may not know how Canton crape is made, and a short sketch [illegible] be out of place. When the crape shawl [illegible] from the weaver's loom, it is perfectly [illegible] and resembles gum silk cloth. [illegible]

A WONDERFUL DREAM AND ITS ASTONISHING FULFILMENT

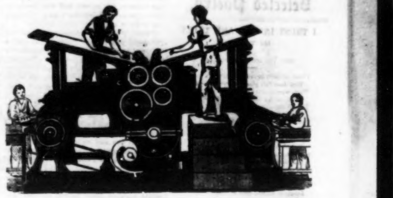
A singular circumstance has this week come to our knowledge, and though we have some doubts as to the usefulness of making it public, we cannot resist the impulse to do so.

Some months since a young man was hired by a grocer on the corner of—we are not authorized to name the street and avenue. He is the son of a widow, who lives in the northern suburbs of the city, and owns the little house in which she lives. She has supported herself since the death of her husband, who deceased some years since, by getting up lace and muslins, and doing a good deal of crimping for one or two undertakers.

The young man had not been long in his situation before he discovered that his employer's only daughter was too pretty for his peace. Her father has acquired a large property in his business, and it was well known to his family that he would never consent to his daughter's marriage with a poor man.

James S. suited him very well as clerk, but as a son-in-law he would not have the slightest patience with him. The young man wished very much to keep his place for the double purpose of being near his charmer, and of maintaining himself, and he was therefore very careful and very miserable.—He was comforted at length somewhat, by finding that the girl was as unhappy as himself. A great many plans were canvassed by the young couple for getting the father's consent, but all were rejected, one after another. The poor clerk became very much cast down, and his health suffered so much that his mother feared that he was going into a consumption.

The tenth of the present month, the following remarkable circumstances occurred. James S. retired to bed in a very disheartened state, not having slept at all for three nights. He soon fell asleep and dreamed that he went home to see his mother, and that she asked him to go in the cellar to get him a piece of squash pie. He thought that he went down and opened the little grey safe, and a stone in the wall jutted out so that he could not rest back the safe cover as formerly. He tried to push back the stone, and not being able, he pulled [illegible]



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

☞ *This Paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar City Weeklies.* ☜

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would respectfully call the attention of the public to their long established paper. The POST is *now* a paper of the very largest size; only one other paper in the country being, it is believed, of equal dimensions. It is nearly entirely filled with carefully chosen Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Moral Essays, Biographies, Scientific Notices, Agricultural Information, News, Editorial Remarks, and Miscellaneous Matter of all kinds calculated to instruct and amuse.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR and GRACE GREENWOOD are regular Correspondents of the POST.—The letters of the former are beautifully written; while those of the latter are universally allowed, by the best judges, to be equal in wit, sprightliness, and general intellectual force and vigor, to the best productions in a line in which gifted women are apt to excel.

T. S. ARTHUR and other writers of merit, are also engaged as regular contributors. We have now a thrilling story, or rather Novellette, on hand from Mr. Arthur, which we expect to publish before many months, called "THE CHILD STEALER." Another Story, called "HENRY BENSON, OR THE EVENTS OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS," by R. PHIPPS, Esq., is also waiting a favorable opportunity. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS likewise has a Story in hand for the readers of the POST.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

In addition to the vast store of reading matter, we give nearly every week one or more PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, or Pictures of an interesting character. In the course of the last year, we have given Portraits of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Dupont de L'Eure, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, Thiers, Guizot, Arago, Gen. Greene, Gen. Twiggs, Gen. Knox, Mitchell, (the Irish Patriot,) Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher, Louis Blanc, Capt. Marryat, late Archbishop of Paris, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Archduke John of Germany, the President of Sicily, &c., &c., &c.; besides numerous attractive Pictures of various descriptions.

NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c.

We shall always endeavor to lay the latest News before our readers. Our BANK NOTE LIST is *corrected weekly*, and a full and accurate account of the MARKETS, SALES OF STOCKS, &c., also weekly given. These Departments are made up from the most reliable sources.

A MORAL PAPER.

We shall be especially careful to maintain for the POST an unblemished name; so that parents may unhesitatingly put it into the hands of the younger members of their households—while, in the Editorial columns, we shall ever war, as heretofore, with the immoral publications of the day.

NEUTRALITY.

The POST is NEUTRAL in Politics, and free from all sectarian bias in religion. But it does not interpret neutrality to mean *deadness*; knowing that sensible readers would rather run the risk of having their "corns" trodden on occasionally, than that their weekly visitor should fail in spirit, liveliness and mental vigor.

FINALLY.

The POST is determined to keep the lead it has taken in the Newspaper world. It has the advantage of possessing the largest kind of a Subscription List, of the best quality, *and it will not be surpassed by any rival*. Whatever others may *promise*, the POST will not be outstripped when it comes to *performance*.

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	"
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 250 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

Salem, Ohio, took the premium last year, with only 129 subscribers.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*—*Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.*—*Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

WE HAVE always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the [illegible]

ALTHOUGH THE POST was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.*—*Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

THE POST came to us last week enlarged *eight mortal columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best* family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

WE REPEAT the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.— [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

I TRUST IN GOD, AND TRUST IN THEE.

FROM THE LITERARY AMERICAN.

I trust in thee, because I know
That thou dost place thy trust on high;
That, wheresoever thou dost go,
From out the blue and bending sky
The all-regarding eye of Love
Looks down, well-pleased thy faith to see;
I too have fixed my faith above,
And, trusting God, I trust in thee.

I placed my heart within His care,
And He has placed it now in thine;
He listens to mine earnest prayer,
And thou wilt keep this heart of mine.
And thou wilt never love me less,
And never be less kind to me:
I smile, amid my loneliness—
I trust in God—I trust in thee.

I know that if thou could'st forget
To warm my soul with love and light,
Each earthly hope for me would set
In clouds of everlasting night;
And yet I ask no word to tell
That thou dost still remember me;
For, in serenest joy I dwell,
And trust in God—and trust in thee.

The love of soul with soul extends
Far, far, beyond this fading sphere,
And thou and I shall still be friends
When we have done with all things here.
When earthly love shall sink in dust,
Still mind to mind shall wedded be;
Believing this, in God I trust—
Believing this, I trust in thee.

Dark, very dark, the present seems;
It scarce can claim one cheering ray
But Hope flings forth her radiant gleams
Where visions of the future stray.
Think not that loving makes me sad—
Thou art not sad to think of me;
And I—oh! should I not be glad?
I trust in God—and trust in thee!

Selected Sketch.

THEY CAN'T FOOL ME.

"Suspicion is a heavy armor, and
With its own weight impedes us more."

Billy Keene's peculiar boast was the utter impossibility of being hoaxed, or, in his own [illegible]

[illegible] poor old father! I'll lock the hussy up till she comes to her senses, and I'll horsewhip the nigger and pull Seymour's nose—*I'll* teach 'em to try to fool me!"

"Calm yourself, I entreat you," said the pale-faced young man; "reflect that such a course of proceeding would not only make the affair public, but might seriously affect your daughter's reputation and happiness; to be sure she has been guilty of disrespect to you but then she has undoubtedly been drawn into it by that vagabond, Seymour. I know, sir, that you could not have been duped by two such green ones, even if I had not discovered their plan to you; but at the same time—if I may presume to offer you my poor advice—I think that you had better pretend to believe the yarn about your sister's illness, and under cover of going to Pineville, proceed straight to Jones's Tavern, wait for the runaways, break up their plan, cover them with confusion, and bring your daughter home. This would convince them forever of what they ought to know already, that they might as well give in—that they can't fool you."

"Capital idea!" said Billy. "Much indebted to you, sir. You're right, they can't fool me. Good day."

"Good day, sir."

Billy indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter when his pale-faced visitor was gone.

"So Edward Seymour was going to fool me, was he? Ha! ha! I guess he will find me a tough one, though. Guess he can't be fooled so easy, neither; and so deuced kind in him, too, to put me on my guard. He is a gentleman, and no mistake."

The afternoon, dark and cloudy, soon passed away, and after it came a black night, and a black boy. Billy heard the message of the latter with well counterfeited concern for Jemima's illness, and bidding old Isaac saddle his mare, was soon on the road to Jones's.

The night was black, and a drizzling rain chilled his bones, but still he muttered to himself, as he slapped his arms together to accelerate the tardy circulation. "Cracky! how they'll look when they find me waiting for them at Jones's! S'pose they think I'm half way to Pineville by this time. Ha! ha! Guess Jemima ain't so very bad! They can't fool *me*!"

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. Keene, what brought you here in this storm?" said the burly Jones, as our worthy friend, drenched to the skin, reined the old mare up to the door.

[illegible]

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE SHEFFIELD GRINDERS.

[illegible]

men live and work in the country, and are a fine healthy set. They are better educated and live longer than most other workmen.

Many contrivances have been invented for the purpose of preventing the workmen from inhaling the particles of dust and metal by which they are constantly surrounded. Of these the following is the most generally approved:

A wooden funnel from ten to twelve inches square is placed a little above the surface of the revolving stone, on the side farthest from the grinder, and this funnel terminates in a channel immediately under the surface of the floor; or we may consider the channel simply as the continuation of the funnel, in order to avoid any confusion in the explanation. The channel varies in length, according to the situation of the grinder, in reference to the point [illegible]

Wit and Humor.

[illegible]

Natural History.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

We present our readers with a picture representing the famous Boa Constrictor and his method of destroying animals by crushing them in the terrible folds of his powerful body. This remarkable serpent is distinguished by a large chain extending the whole length of the back, composed alternately of great blackish stains or spots, irregularly hexagonal, and of pale, oval stains or spots, notched or jagged at either end, the whole forming a very beautiful pattern. Specimens are frequently exhibited in our Museums and Menageries. Thirty-five feet is not an unusual length for serpents of this species. The locality of this species, according to the best authorities, is confined to the New World. Humboldt brought one from Guiana, and the Prince de Weid found specimens in Brazil. Cuvier says there are no true Boas of large size in the Old World.

By examining the structure of the skeleton, we see the possibility of the Boa swallowing a large animal whole, as the ribs are attached only at one end, thus leaving the expansion of the throat and belly to be limited by the stretching capacity of the skin. After crushing the bones of a deer in its folds, it covers the body with saliva, and slowly swallows it. The process of digestion occupies some weeks. The double row of strong, close-set teeth on each side of the upper jaw, all pointing backwards, give the serpent a strong hold of its struggling victim when once seized. Serpents do not masticate. The prey is swallowed whole; and to assist deglutition, the under jaw consists of two bones, easily separable at the point of junction, while the upper jaw is so constructed as to admit of considerable motion.

The Chronologist.

SCINTILLATIONS OF HISTORY.

COMPILED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD K. MULL.

Nov. 26, 1829.—Died, at Philadelphia, Bushrod Washington, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and First President of the American Colonization Society; he was aged 70 years.

1500.—In this year there happened so great a plague in England that it obliged the King and Court to remove to Calais, and carried off upwards of 30,000 people in London.

614, A. C.—The Persians take Jerusalem, kill ninety thousand, and carry off the cross of Christ.

[illegible]

Science and Art.

LEVELLING.

[illegible]

THE WILD CAT.

[illegible]

A PROCESS OF HARDENING HIDES.

[illegible]

Humorous Sketches.

A SQUINTING JURY.

Once upon a time, or to be a little more particular, nearly a half century ago, (for the editor of this paper well remembers the time, place, and scene, which are firmly fixed upon his boyish recollections) there dwelt in the town of ——, in old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney at law, who, although not fair to look upon, (for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man) was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G***** G***, Esq., was appointed High Sheriff of the town of ——. He was a man of fortune, and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify, who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well known festivals, from the private purse of the High Sheriff.

It was of course the duty of the High Sheriff to summon a Grand and Petit Jury, to attend at the Quarter Sessions of which the Recorder, Mayor and Aldermen of the borough composed the Court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the Petit Jury, our High Sheriff indulged in some of the strongest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place he summoned for the October Court, a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a great deal of sweating, squeezing and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated, they presented to the eye of the Court, the barrister, and the audience, "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in any court room. Literally they became much to the amusement of the Court and its robed advocates, "a packed jury," and no mistake!

For the January term, our facetious High Sheriff (in consequence it was said of some hint from the Recorder that there should be no more fat pannels summoned to his Court) went into the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the *leanest and tallest* men he could find in the borough; and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room enough for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

AN INCIDENT AT CHURCH.

[illegible]

vous twitchings and jerkings, he leaned forward, again took down his thermometer, drew his gold spectacles over his nose, and eyed his weather-guage once more, to see if all was right. But what was his surprise to find that, instead of 70 degrees, the mercury only stood at 45! He held it to the light, to see if he might not be mistaken, but it was all right;—45 degrees was the actual point indicated.—Replacing the thermometer he looked about with surprise, doubtful whether he had made a mistake when he first looked at it and found the mercury at 70, or whether the fire had gone out, and the church had become suddenly cooled. His feelings, however, prompted him to the only remedy, which was to put on his overcoat again, which he not only did, but buttoned it close up to the chin, exhibiting, in the meanwhile, sudden jerkings and shiverings, indicative of the cold he felt. Mr. W——, seated behind our invalid, while all this was passing, had experienced several chills, and exhibited sundry shiverings, but as his friend Mr. S—— could sit with his overcoat off, he very naturally attributed his feelings to a slight cold with which he had been suffering. However, as Mr. S—— had put his coat on again, he was glad of the example, and immediately replaced his overcoat. This example was quickly followed by Mr. B—— and his son, on the opposite side of the aisle, which was a signal for a general putting on of overcoats and cloaks throughout the church, for the coldness was now so apparent that the extra garment was absolutely necessary for comfort. It was, indeed, a strange movement in the midst of the service, causing a sensation which was observed throughout the church.

The sexton had felt considerable curiosity from the beginning to know how his trick would work, and went several times to the gallery, where he could get sight of his friend the invalid. He had observed, too, the working of his device, little expecting that such a sensation would be caused by it; although somewhat alarmed for the result in case he should be discovered as the innocent cause of the remarkable rise of the mercury in the thermometer, the effects had been so ludicrous, that he could not avoid mentioning the cause to some of the younger parishioners, who enjoyed the joke exceedingly. But they were unable to keep it to themselves, for as the unusual coldness of the church was apparent to all, and the general taking off and putting on of overcoats had attracted so much attention, that the whole became a matter of conversation among all, and before the return of another Sabbath, the whole story had reached the ears of Mr. S——. But our invalid was too sensible a man to get angry at the joke, and although he was the principal subject of it [illegible]

RIDDLE.

CHARADE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Varieties.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

ADVANTAGES OF FORESTS.

The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, in his address before the Rutland County Agricultural Society, makes the following excellent observations in regard to the advantages of forests:

"The functions of the forest, besides supplying timber and fuel, are very various. The conducting powers of trees render them highly useful in restoring the disturbed equilibrium of the electric fluid; they are of great value in sheltering and protecting more tender vegetables against the destructive effects of bleak and parching winds, and the annual deposit of the foliage of deciduous trees, and the decomposition of their decaying trunks, form an accumulation of vegetable mould, which gives the greatest fertility to the often originally barren soils on which they grow, and enriches lower grounds by the wash from rains and the melting snows.

"The inconveniences resulting from a want of foresight in the economy of the forest, are already severely felt in many parts of New England, and even in some of the older towns in Vermont. Steep side hills and rocky ledges are well suited to the permanent growth of wood, but when in the rage for improvement they are improvidently stripped of this protection, the action of sun and wind and rain soon deprives them of their thin coating of vegetable mould, and this, when exhausted, cannot be restored by ordinary husbandry. They remain, therefore, barren and unsightly blots, producing neither grain nor grass, and yielding no crop but a harvest of noxious weeds, to infest with their scattered seeds the richer arable grounds below. But this is by no means the only evil resulting from the injudicious destruction of the woods. Forests serve as reservoirs and equalizers of humidity. In wet seasons, the decayed leaves and spongy soil of wood lands retain a large proportion of the falling rains, and give back the moisture in [illegible]

POTATOES, VERSUS CORN.

[illegible]

MARYLAND LANDS.

[illegible]

MILLET.

The American Journal of A[illegible] Science, for September, contains an [illegible] Professor Emmons, on the cultivati[illegible] let. The larger millet is much cu[illegible] some parts of Europe. Germany, [illegible] ple, where it is seen in the markets [illegible] by separation from the husk, in [illegible] beautiful grains, perfectly round, of [illegible] color. It is used in soups, and, b[illegible] self with water, it forms an excellent [illegible] wholesome kind of hominy. Prof[illegible] mons has subjected millet to an [illegible] order to determine the proportion [illegible] matter it contains. He finds that "[illegible] with wheat or Indian corn, excep[illegible] exceeds both in its power of sustai[illegible] The grain is "rich in the eleme[illegible] produce bone and muscle, and its [illegible] deficient in the elements common t[illegible] vated grasses." He thinks it migh[illegible] vated in this country with profit, [illegible] animals, as it yields from sixty-five [illegible] bushels to the acre.

FENCE FOR THE PRAIRIES.

A new kind of fence is coming [illegible] Northern Illinois. The fence consi[illegible] of sheet-iron, one and a half inches [illegible] pared in oil, so as to resist the ac[illegible] weather, and painted white. Thes[illegible] nailed to posts in the ground, two [illegible] with a perpendicular strip of board [illegible] rod. The whole cost per rod is [illegible] less than thirty cents; and it is [illegible] wire, as it does not sag, and bei[illegible] white, cattle will see it and not run [illegible]

Fashions.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WALKING DRESS.—A dress of dark [illegible] colored watered silk, made perfectly [illegible] quite high to the throat; long [illegible] finished with an embroidered cuff [illegible] Pardessus of dark green levantine [illegible] the waist, the sides being cut up [illegible] a shallow opening on each side, an[illegible] with a double narrow ruche; a [illegible] crape is trimmed to match, with [illegible] loose sleeves, decorated with [illegible] similarly trimmed. Bonnet of dark [illegible] vet, the crown encircled with a b[illegible] finished on the right side with a [illegible] trich feather, the interior with half [illegible] pink chrysanthemums; bridges of [illegible]

WALKING DRESS.—A dress of dar[illegible] brown velvet, made high and perf[illegible] [illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]